Hollond Memorial Sunday School

Philadelphia

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BOOK OF WORSHIP

CONTAINING

ORDERS OF WORSHIP

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS FOR RESPONSIVE READING

HYMNS

This Book of worship has been in constant use for years, and was originally prepared by Mr. Robert C. Ogden, former Superintendent. The present edition contains forty-nine new hymns and two additional orders of service. The supplementary portion was compiled by the Music Committee of the Sunday-school, consisting of Miss Margaretta B. Morris, Chairman; Mrs. Mary V. Mitchell, George D. McIlvaine and Henry A. Walker.

April 17, 1901

SUPERINTENDENTS

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SUPERINTENDENT

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FIRST ASSOCIATE

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ASSISTANTS

ROBERT J. B. STERRITT
GEORGE M. PEAK

Hollond Memorial Sunday School.

ORDER OF SERVICE

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell, which is the signal for perfect silence.

Singing.

Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known *me.*

ALL.—Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted *with* all my ways.

MALE CLASSES.—For *there is* not a word in my tongue, *but* lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

PASTOR.—Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

FEMALE CLASSES.—*Such* knowledge *is* too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot *attain* unto it.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence!

ALL.—If I ascend up into heaven, thou *art* there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou *art there.*

SUPERINTENDENT.—*If* I take the wings of the morning, *and* dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

ALL.—Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

SUPERINTENDENT.—If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

ALL.—Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light *are* both alike *to thee.*

SUPERINTENDENT.—Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

ALL.—And see if *there be any* wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Prayer Verse.

With broken heart and contrite sign,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God! be merciful to me!

Silent Prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

ALL.—Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing; for God is my defence and the God of my mercy.

Singing.—During the prelude to the hymn the school will find the passage of Scripture selected for the reading-lesson.

At the sound of the bell the school will rise and remain reverently standing until the end of the prayer.

Repetition of the Commandments or the Apostles' Creed.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, open thou my lips!

ALL.—And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Harken unto the voice of my cry my King and my God!

ALL.—For unto thee will I pray.

Prayer Song.

Art thou weary, art thou languid?
Art thou sore distress'd?
"Come to Me," saith One, and coming,
"Be at rest."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Prayer.—Closing with the Lord's Prayer in Concert.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's closing words and lesson review.

Singing.

Parting Salutations.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.—Amen

PASTOR.—Come *and* hear, all ye that fear God and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

ASSOCIATE-SUPERINTENDENT.—I cried unto him with my mouth and he was extolled with my tongue.

ALL.—If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear *me:*

SUPERINTENDENT.—*But* verily God hath heard *me;* he hath attended to the voice of my prayer

ALL.—Blessed *be* God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

The school will remain for a moment of silent meditation and quietly dismiss at the chord from the organ.

Second Order of Worship.

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell.—Signal for perfect silence.

Singing.

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing, His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

ALL.—Every day will I bless thee: and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: and his greatness is unsearchable.

ALL.—One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

ALL.—And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts, and I will declare thy greatness.

SUPERINTENDENT.—They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

ALL.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

ALL.—All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord: and thy saints shall bless thee.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—They shall speak of the glory of thy Kingdom, and talk of thy power.

ALL.—To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his Kingdom.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Thy Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

Singing

Glory be to the Father; and | to the | Son, |
And | to the | Holy | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
Ever | shall be, | world without | end. | A | men

Silent Prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good.

ALL.—For his mercy endureth forever.

Singing.—During the prelude find Scripture lesson.

Reading.—At close of the reading, rise at tap of bell and remain reverently standing until the end of the prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

ALL.—And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

Prayer Song.

Holy Father hear my cry,
Holy Saviour bend Thine ear,
Holy Spirit come Thou nigh,
Father, Son, and Spirit hear.

Prayer.—Closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Review of Lesson.

Singing.

Closing Worship.

Rise at the tap of bell.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
O, Thou who changest not, abide with me.

SUPERINTENDENT.—As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever more.

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that be upright in their hearts.

ALL.—The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever. Forsake not the works of thine own hands.

PASTOR.—Let thy works appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children, and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.

Silence.—Until a chord from the organ gives the signal for dismission.

Third Order of Worship.

A Service for the Nativity of Jesus.

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell, which is the signal for perfect silence.

Singing.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Ever-more be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

Gospel of Matthew, Chapter II.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem,

ALL.—Saying, Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him..

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

ALL.—And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them, where Christ should be born.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet.

ALL.—And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a Governor who shall rule My people Israel.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

ALL.—And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go search diligently for the young Child, and when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—When they had heard the king they departed, and lo, the star which they saw in the East went before them till it came and stood over where the young Child was.

ALL.—When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts, gold and Frankincense and myrrh.

ALL.—And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, take the young Child and His mother and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him.

ALL.—When he arose he took the young Child and His mother by night and departed into Egypt;

SUPERINTENDENT.—And was there until the death of Herod; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called My Son.

ALL.—Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time that he had diligently inquired of the wise men.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying,

ALL.—In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

SUPERINTENDENT.—But when Herod was dead, behold an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

ALL.—Saying, Arise and take the young Child and His mother and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead which sought the young Child's life.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he arose and took the young Child and His mother and came into the land of Israel

ALL.—But when he heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee;

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene.

Singing —During the prelude of the hymn prepare for the scripture reading.

Reading.—The scripture for the lesson of the day, or the reading may be omitted and the recitation of the Commandments or the Apostles' Creed substituted therefor. If either of the latter, the school will rise in advance, at the tap of the bell, and remain reverently standing until the close of the prayer. If the former, the school will be summoned to rise after the reading.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy upon me and answer me.

ALL.—When thou saidest, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face Lord will I seek.

Prayer Song.

Thine forever! God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever! Saviour keep
Us, thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Prayer.—Concluding with Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

Glory be to the Father; and | to the | Son, ‖
And | to the | Holy | Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and |
Ever | shall be, ‖ world without | end. | A | men.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Review of Lesson.

Singing.

Closing Worship.

Rise at the tap of bell.

Hear, O Jesus! Israel's Shepherd, hear us;
Thou that leddest Joseph like a sheep
On the hill-top bleak, be ever near us
In the darksome valley while we sleep.

Thy sweet voice amidst the storm to cheer us,
Thy blest footmarks for the narrow way,
Thy dear hand to hold us up, to steer us,
For thy help and guidance, Lord, we pray.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night;

ALL.—And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

PASTOR.—And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

ALL.—For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord;

SUPERINTENDENT.—And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly Host praising God and saying,

ALL.—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.

Perfect Silence until a chord from the organ gives the signal for dismission.

Fourth Order of Worship.

A Service of Beatitudes.

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell.—Which is the signal for perfect silence.

Singing.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

SUPERINTENDENT.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

ALL.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

SUPERINTENDENT.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

ALL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

ALL.—That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

SUPERINTENDENT.—His leaf also shall not wither;

ALL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The ungodly are not so:

ALL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,

ALL.—Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:

ALL.—But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the poor in spirit:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are they that mourn:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall be comforted.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the meek:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall inherit the earth.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall be filled.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the merciful:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall obtain mercy.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the pure in heart:

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall see God

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are the peacemakers.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For they shall be called the children of God.

MEN AND BOYS.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

ALL.—Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Prayer Song.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Silent Prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thy testimonies are wonderful;

ALL.—Therefore doth my soul keep them.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The entrance of thy words giveth light;

ALL.—It giveth understanding unto the simple.

Singing.—During the prelude find the Scripture lesson.

At the sound of the bell the school will rise and remain reverently standing until the end of the prayer.

Repetition of the Commandments or Apostles' Creed, as directed by the leader.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving-kindnesses;

ALL.—For they have been ever of old.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

ALL—According to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Prayer Song.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Prayer.—Closing with Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

God of Eternity, author of time,
Giver and source of light, ruler sublime,—
Thou, uncreated Lord, ancient of days,
Glorious in holiness, fearful in praise,—
High over all Thy works, blest evermore,
God of the Universe, Thee we adore!

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Lesson Review.

Singing.

Closing Worship.—Rise at tap of the bell.

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, humbly waiting, seek Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have call'd upon Thy name.
Amen.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.

ALL.—Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

PASTOR.—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.—*Amen.*

Fifth Order of Worship.

A Service of Thanksgiving or Harvest-Home

1st Bell. Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell. Which is the signal for perfect silence.

Singing.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

ALL.—Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Know ye that the Lord he is God:

ALL.—It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves;

SUPERINTENDENT.—We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

ALL.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

SUPERINTENDENT.—Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

ALL.—For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting;

SUPERINTENDENT.—And his truth endureth to all generations.

Singing.

Sweet alleluias! the works of creation
Praise him who only may e'er be ador'd;
Sweeter the thrill of a new animation
When sinners, new pardon'd sing, "Praise to the Lord!"

SUPERINTENDENT.—Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

ALL.—For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord doth build up Jerusalem:

ALL.—He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He healeth the broken in heart,

ALL.—And bindeth up their wounds.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He telleth the number of the stars;

ALL.—He calleth them all by their names.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Great is our Lord, and of great power:

ALL.—His understanding is infinite.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord lifteth up the meek:

ALL.—He casteth the wicked down to the ground.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;

ALL.—Sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Who covereth the heaven with clouds,

ALL.—Who prepareth rain for the earth. Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He giveth to the beast his food,

ALL.—And to the young ravens which cry..

SUPERINTENDENT.—He delighteth not in the strength of the horse:

ALL.—He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him,

ALL.—In those that hope in his mercy.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;

ALL.—Praise thy God, O Zion.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates;

ALL.—He hath blessed thy children within thee.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He maketh peace in thy borders,

ALL.—And filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth:

ALL.—His word runneth very swiftly.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He giveth snow like wool:

ALL.—He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He casteth forth his ice like morsels:

ALL.—Who can stand before his cold?

SUPERINTENDENT.—He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:

ALL.—He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He showeth his word unto Jacob,

ALL.—His statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

SUPERINTENDENT.—He hath not dealt so with any nation:

ALL.—And as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

Singing.—During the prelude find the Scripture lesson.

Reading.—At close of the reading, rise at tap of bell and remain reverently standing, until the end of the prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Create in me a clean heart, O God;

ALL.—And renew a right spirit within me.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Cast me not away from thy presence;

ALL.—And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

Prayer Song.

Thine forever! God of love!
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Prayer.—Closing with Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Lesson Review.

Singing.

Closing Worship.—Rise at tap of the bell.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven,

ALL.—And returneth not thither,

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—But watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud,

ALL.—That it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

SUPERINTENDENT.—So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.

ALL.—It shall not return unto me void,

SUPERINTENDENT.—But is shall accomplish that which I please,

ALL.—And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

PASTOR.—Benediction.

Sixth Order of Worship.

A Service of the Moral Law.

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell.—Which is the signal for perfect silence.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The Lord is in His holy temple.

ALL.—Let all the world keep silence before Him.

Singing.

How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

ALL—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee

ALL.—Lord. have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not kill.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not steal.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

ALL.—Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee.

SUPERINTENDENT.—What also doth our Lord Jesus Christ say?

ALL.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And the second is like unto it; thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

ALL.—On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, open thou our lips.

ALL.—And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Singing.—During the prelude find the Scripture lesson.

Reading.—At close of the reading, rise at tap of bell and remain reverently standing, until the end of the prayer.

Prayer Song.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

ALL.—And grant us thy salvation!

SUPERINTENDENT.—O God, make clean our hearts within us.

ALL.—And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

Prayer.—Closing with Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever! Saviour! keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Lesson Review.

Singing.

Closing Worship.—Rise at tap of the bell.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENTS.—Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness;

ALL.—And put your trust in the Lord.

SUPERINTENDENT.—There be many that say, Who will show us any good?

ALL.—Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.

PASTOR.—I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.

ALL.—For thou Lord only makest me dwell in safety.

Perfect Silence until a chord from the organ gives the signal for dismission.

Seventh Order of Worship

(A Service for the Resurrection of Jesus.)

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell.—Which is the signal for perfect silence

Singing.

We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
With joyful strains to meet him,
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of day may greet him.

CHORUS.

We march, we march to victory
With the cross of the Lord before us;
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o er us.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

ALL.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Let the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad.

ALL.—Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Rejoice in the Lord: light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

ALL.—I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will be glad in the Lord.

PASTOR.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands—serve the Lord with gladness.

ALL —Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O let the nations be glad and sing for joy.

ALL.—Let the people praise thee, O God—let all the people praise thee.

Singing.

At the sound of the bell the School will rise and remain reverently standing until the close of the prayer

Apostles' Creed.

Prayer Song.

Crown him, the Lord of Heav'n!
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through him giv'n
From yonder glorious throne!

To thee be endless praise,
For thou for us hast died;
Be thou, O Lord, through endless days
Ador'd and magnified.

Prayer.—Closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

All glory, laud and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

All glory, laud and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

The Resurrection Foretold and Fulfilled.

PASTOR.—We declare unto you glad tidings, how the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto our children in that he raised up Jesus.—Acts xiii: 32.

MALE CLASSES.—If a man die, shall he live again?—Job xiv: 14.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.—John v: 25.

FEMALE CLASSES.—Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.—Psa. xvi: 10.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—This Jesus did God raise up. He whom God raised up, saw no corruption.—Acts ii: 32; xiii: 37.

ALL.—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.—Job xix: 25.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—I am the first, and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. i: 17.

GALLERY CLASSES.—My flesh also shall rest in hope. Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise.—Psa. xvi: 9; Isa. xxvi: 19.

TEACHERS.—If the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through his spirit that dwelleth in you.—Rom. viii: 11.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I will ransom them from the power of the grave.—Hosea xiii: 14.

ALL.—Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all.—1 Tim. ii: 5, 6.

PASTOR.—I will redeem them from death.—Hosea xiii: 14.

ALL.—Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us.—Gal. iii: 13.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves.—Ezek. xxxvii: 12.

MALE CLASSES.—God both raised the Lord, and will raise up us through His power.—1 Cor. vi: 14.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for He shall receive me.—Psa. xlix: 15.

FEMALE CLASSES.—When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested in glory.—Col. iii: 4.

ALL.—O death, I will be thy plagues: O grave, I will be thy destruction.—Hosea xiii: 14.

SUPERINTENDENT—O grave where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting?—1 Cor. xv: 55.

ALL—He will swallow up death in victory.—Isa. xxv: 8.

SUPERINTENDENT—Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. xv: 57.

ALL.—Giving thanks unto the Father, who made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love.—Col. i: 12 13.

Singing.

The Teachings of the Resurrection.

I Cor. xv: 12-23.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Now, if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised: And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

ALL.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

ALL.—For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

SUPERINTENDENT.—But every man in his own order: Christ the first fruits;

ALL.—Afterward, they that are Christ's at his coming.

After the Resurrection.

Mark xvii. John xx. Luke xxiv.

Singing.

PASTOR.—And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

MEN AND BOYS.—And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side clothed in a long white garment: and they were affrighted.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he saith to them, Be not affrighted: Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; he is risen; he is not here.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping: And seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master.

ALL.—Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

TEACHERS.—Mary Magdalene came to the disciples as they mourned and wept, and told them that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Singing.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem *about* threescore furlongs.

BOYS—And they talked together of all these things which had happened.

GIRLS.—And it came to pass, that while they communed *together*, and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them.

ALL.—But their eyes were holden, that they should not know him.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And they drew nigh unto the village whither they went; and he made as though he would have gone further.

ALL.—But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And he went in to tarry with them.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed *it*, and brake, and gave to them.

PRIMARY CLASS.—And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

ALL.—And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

ALL.—And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

The Ascension.

Luke xxiv. Acts i.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them.

BOYS.—And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

GIRLS.—Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

ALL.—And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.—AMEN.

Singing.

The Results of the Resurrection.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.—John xi: 25.

ALL.—Therefore, prophesy and say unto them: Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.—Ezek. xxxvii: 12.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth.—John v: 28.

ALL.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—Isa. ix: 2.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. v: 14.

PRIMARY CLASS.—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.—Job xix: 25.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Because I live, ye shall live also.—John xiv: 19.

BOYS.—Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.—Psa. xvi: 9.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell: neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.—Psa. xvi: 10.

GIRLS.—Behold, I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.—1 Cor. xv: 51.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible.—1 Cor. xv: 52.

ALL.—And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves.—Ezek. xxxvii: 13.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first—so shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. iv: 16.

ALL.—Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins shall be consumed within me.—Job xix: 26.

SUPERINTENDENT.—If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 Cor. xv: 19.

ALL.—Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.—Psa. xvvi: 19.

PASTOR.—For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.—1 Thess. iv: 14.

Singing.

Benediction.

The School will remain silent until dismissed by a chord from the organ.

The Ten Commandments.

Exodus xx: 1 17.

And God spake all these words, saying,

I. I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them. for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day. wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's

HEAR ALSO THE WORDS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Matthew xxii: 37-40.

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

The Apostles' Creed.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into the grave, The third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church, The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Eighth Order of Worship.

Anniversary Service, especially the New Year.

1st Bell.—Signal for order. All are to find their proper places, doors closed, and be prepared for the

2d Bell.—Which is the signal for perfect order.

Singing.

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Silent Prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—And the Lord spake, saying, This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you.

ALL.—O Lord, thou art my God. My times are in thy hand.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

ALL.—So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

ALL.—While the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.

ALL.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

SUPERINTENDENT.—If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.

GALLERY CLASSES.—But let him ask in Faith, nothing wavering.

SUPERINTENDENT.—The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

MAIN FLOOR CLASSES.—Trust in him at all times; God is a refuge for us.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Lord thou hast been our dwelling place.

MEN AND BOYS.—In all generations.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth or the world.

WOMEN AND GIRLS.—Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

SUPERINTENDENT.—We spend our years as a tale that is told.

ALL.—A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past.

SUPERINTENDENT.—When a few years are come then I shall go the way whence I shall not return.

ALL.—But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever.

SUPERINTENDENT.—In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.

ALL.—I will come again and receive you unto myself.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Can ye not discern the signs of the times?

ALL.—He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.

SUPERINTENDENT.—But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting

ALL.—And let us not be weary in well doing.

SUPERINTENDENT.—For in due time we shall reap if we faint not.

ALL.—Thou shalt therefore keep this ordinance in his season from year to year.

SINGING.—During the prelude find the scripture lesson for the day.

READING.—At the close of the reading, rise at the tap of the bell, and remain reverently standing until the end of the prayer.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Give ear to my prayer, O God;

ALL.—And hide not thyself from my supplication.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.

ALL.—He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Prayer Song.

Come, with all thy sorrow,
Weary, wandering soul;
Come to Him who loves thee,
He will make thee whole.

See the door of mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open:
Lo! the key is prayer.

CHORUS.

There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet rest.

Prayer.—Closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

Singing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When, with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Notices.

Singing.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Lesson Review.

Singing.

Closing Worship.—Rise at tap of the bell.

Now my evening praise I give,
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from Thee,
O how good Thou art to me.

Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou will love me to the end:
Let me love Thee, more and more
Always better than before.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord shall come.

ALL.—Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

PASTOR.—Benediction.

Perfect Silence until a chord from the organ gives the signal for dismission.

(8th order.)

Ninth Order of Worship.

1st Bell.—Signal for order.

2d Bell.—Should mean perfect silence.

Singing.

Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

ALL.—Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

TEACHERS.—Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

ALL.—Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

SUPERINTENDENT.—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENTS.—For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

ALL.—For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

Hymn.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
Amen.

Reading of the lesson assigned for the day.

Apostles' Creed.

Prayer Hymn.—Standing until the close of the prayer.

O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

Prayer.

Singing.

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined,
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward thro' the desert,
Thro' the toil and fight!
Jordan flows before us.
Sion beams with light.

To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light! Amen.

Notices.

Lesson Study.

Singing.

Superintendent's Closing Review.

Singing.

The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore
'Till, with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Parting Salutations.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain.

ALL.—O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God!

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

ALL.—May the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.

Scholars to remain perfectly quiet until dismissed at the sound from the piano.

Tenth Order of Worship.

1st Bell.—Signal for order.

2d Bell.—Which is the signal for perfect silence.

Hymn.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle. Amen.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

ALL.—Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

GALLERY CLASSES.—When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained.

FIRST ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

SECOND ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT.—For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

SUPERINTENDENT.—Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of his hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENTS.—All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

ALL.—The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

SUPERINTENDENT.—O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Hymn.

Our Lord's Prayer.

Hymn.

Reading of the Lesson assigned for the day.

Prayer Hymn.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel. Amen.

Prayer.

Hymn.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
  Beneath His banner true.
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
  Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
  He knows thine hourly need,
He can with bread of heaven
  Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
  Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
  Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
  Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
  That lure thy soul astray. Amen.

Notices.

Hymn.

Lesson Study.

Hymn.

Superintendent's Review.

Hymn.

Closing Salutation.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. I will show forth all thy marvellous works.

ALL.—I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

All to remain standing and sing earnestly: Tune—

The Son of God goes forth to war,
  A kingly crown to gain.
His blood-red banner streams afar:
  Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
  Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
  He follows in His train.

A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
  Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train.

School to remain quietly standing until dismissed with the sound from the piano.

Selections from The Book of Psalms

And other portions of the Holy Scriptures, arranged
for Responsive Reading in

Sunday-School Worship.

Selection 1.

Psalm i.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
But his delight is in the law of the LORD,
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
That bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm xv.

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
He that backbiteth not with his tongue,
Nor doeth evil to his neighbor,
Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;
But he honoreth them that fear the LORD.
He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.
He that putteth not out his money to usury,
Nor taketh reward against the innocent.
He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 2.

Psalm xxxiv.

I will bless the LORD at all times :
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord :
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
Oh magnify the LORD with me,
And let us exalt His name together.
I sought the LORD, and he heard me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were lightened :
And their faces were not ashamed.
This poor man cried, and the LORD heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
O taste and see that the LORD is good :
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
Oh fear the LORD, ye his saints :
For there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger :
But they that seek the LORD *shall not want any good thing.*
Come, ye children, hearken unto me :
I will teach you the fear of the LORD.
What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile
Depart from evil, and do good ;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
The eyes of the LORD are upon the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of the LORD is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.
The LORD is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ;
And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous :
But the LORD *delivereth him out of them all.*
He keepeth all his bones :
Not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked:
And they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
The LORD redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Selection 3.

Psalm xlvi.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea,
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved;
God shall help her, and that right early.
The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of the LORD,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease, unto the ends of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder
He burneth the chariot in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.
The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge

Selection 4

Psalm li.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness:
According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I acknowledge my transgressions:
And my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done this evil in thy sight:
That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
Behold, I was shapen in iniquity,
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts:
And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness;
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with thy free Spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O LORD, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou delightest not in burnt offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion:
Build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness,
With burnt offering and whole burnt offering: Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

Psalm cxxx.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD. LORD, hear my voice:
Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquity, O LORD, who shall stand?
But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait,
And in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the LORD, more than they that watch for the morning;
I say, more than they that watch for the morning.
Let Israel hope in the LORD:
For with the LORD *there is mercy,*
And with him is plenteous redemption,
And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Selection 5.

Psalm ciii.

Bless the LORD, O my soul;
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the LORD, O my soul;
And forget not all his benefits;
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities:
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things:
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.
The LORD executeth righteousness,
And judgment for all that are oppressed.
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
The LORD is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide:
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.
For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the LORD *pitieth them that fear him.*
For he knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that we are dust.
As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.

And his righteousness unto children's children,
To such as keep his covenant,
And to those that remember his commandments to do them.
The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens:
And his kingdom ruleth over all.
Bless the LORD, ye his angels, that excel in strength,
That do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.
Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts;
Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.
Bless the LORD, all his works, in all places of his dominion:
Bless the LORD, *O my soul.*

Selection 6.

Psalm xix.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it: And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof
The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul:
The testimony of the LORD *is sure, making wise the simple.*
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of the LORD *is pure, enlightening the eyes.*
The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever:
The judgments of the LORD *are true and righteous altogether.*
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?

Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight,

O LORD, *my Strength, and my Redeemer.*

Selection 7.

Psalm xxiii.

The LORD is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD *for ever.*

Psalm xxiv.

The earth is the LORD'S and the fulness thereof;

The world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas,

And established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?

And who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him,

That seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your head, O ye gates,

And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The LORD *strong and mighty, the* LORD *mighty in battle.*
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.
Who is this King of Glory?
The LORD *of hosts, He is the King of Glory.*

Selection 8.

Psalm xlviii.

Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised,
In the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.
Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,
On the sides of the north, the city of the great King.
God is known in her palaces for a refuge.
For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.
They saw it, and so they marvelled;
They were troubled, and hasted away.
Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.
Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.
As we have heard, so have we seen, in the city of the LORD of hosts,
In the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.
We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God,
In the midst of thy temple.
According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise, unto the ends of the earth:
Thy right hand is full of righteousness.
Let Mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.
Walk about Zion, and go round about her:
Tell the towers thereof:
Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces
That ye may tell it to the generation following.
For this God is our God for ever and ever;
He will be our guide, even unto death.

Psalm lxxxiv.

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O LORD *of hosts!*
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,
Even thine altars, O LORD of hosts,
My King and my God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are the ways of them.
Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well:
The rain also filleth the pools.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.
O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer:
Give ear O God of Jacob.
Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the LORD God is a sun and shield:
The LORD will give grace and glory; No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.
O LORD of hosts,
Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Selection 9.

Psalm xcii.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:
To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night,
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery;
Upon the harp with a solemn sound.
For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through thy work:
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
O LORD, how great are thy works!
And thy thoughts are very deep.
A brutish man knoweth not;
Neither doth a fool understand this.
When the wicked spring as the grass,
And when all the workers of iniquity do flourish

It is that they shall be destroyed for ever:
But thou, LORD, *art most high for evermore.*
For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD,
For, lo, thine enemies shall perish; ALL *the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.*
But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn:
I shall be anointed with fresh oil.
Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies,
And mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.
The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree;
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
Those that be planted in the house of the LORD,
Shall flourish in the courts of our God.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be fat and flourishing;
To show that the Lord is upright:
He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him

Selection 10.

Psalm xciii.

The LORD reigneth,
He is clothed with majesty,
The LORD is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself.
The world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.
Thy throne is established of old:
Thou art from everlasting.
The floods have lifted up, O LORD,
The floods have lifted up their voice. The floods lift up their waves.
The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.
Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness becometh thine house, O LORD, *for ever.*

Psalm xcvi.

Oh sing unto the LORD a new song:
Sing unto the LORD, *all the earth,*
Sing unto the LORD, bless his name;
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the heathen.
His wonders among all people
For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised:
He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols,
But the LORD *made the heavens.*
Honor and majesty are before him:
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.
Give unto the LORD, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the LORD *glory and strength.*
Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name:
Bring an offering, and come into his courts.
Oh worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness:
Fear before him, all the earth.
Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth:
The world also shall be established, that it shall not be moved he shall judge the people righteously.
Let the heavens rejoice, and the earth be glad;
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein:
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
Before the LORD: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:
He shall judge the world with righteousness, And the people with his truth.

Selection 11.

Psalm cxxi.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the LORD,
Which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel
Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The LORD is thy keeper:
The LORD *is thy shade upon thy right hand.*
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,
He shall preserve thy soul.
The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm cxxii.

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the LORD.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together:
Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD,
Unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the LORD.
For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee
Because of the house of the LORD our God,
I will seek thy good.

Psalm cxxv.

They that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion,
Which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.
As the mountains are round about Jerusalem,
So the LORD *is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.*
For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous;
Lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.
Do good, O LORD, unto those that be good,
And to them that are upright in their hearts.
As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways,
The LORD *shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity. But peace shall be upon Israel.*

Selection 12.

Psalm xc.

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place,
In all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction;
And saysest, Return, ye children of men.
For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night.
Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
In the morning they are like grass which groweth up;

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up;
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth.
For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is told.
The days of our years are threescore years and ten:
And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,
Yet is there strength labor and sorrow;
For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.
Who knoweth the power of thine anger?
Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.
So teach us to number our days,
That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Return, O LORD, how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us:
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it

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Selection 13.

Psalm xci.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High
Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress:
My God; in him will I trust.
Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler,
And from the noisome pestilence.
He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust:
His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night;
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness:
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold.
And see the reward of the wicked
Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge,
Even the Most High, thy habitation;
There shall no evil befall thee,
Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
For he shall give his angels charge over thee,
To keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands,
Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion, and the dragon, shalt thou trample under feet.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him:
I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.
With long life will I satisfy him,
And show him my salvation.

Selection 14.

Isaiah lv.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money: come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk,
Without money and without price.
Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labor for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good,
And let your soul delight itself in fatness.
Incline your ear, and come unto me;
Hear, and your soul shall live:
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,
Even the sure mercies of David.
Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people,
A leader and commander to the people.
Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not,
And nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee,

Because of the LORD thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel;
For he hath glorified thee.
Seek ye the LORD while he may be found,
Call ye upon him while he is near:
Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts:
And let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him:
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.
For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the LORD.
For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways, And my thoughts than your thoughts.
For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven,
And returneth not thither,
But watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth, and bud,
That it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater:
So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth;
It shall not return unto me void,
But it shall accomplish that which I please,
And it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.
For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace:
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing,
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree:
And it shall be to the LORD for a name,
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Selection 15.

Job XIV.

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days, and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.
And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one,
And bringest me into judgment with thee?
Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean;
Not one:

Seeing his days are determined,

The number of his months are with thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;

Turn from him that he may rest,

Till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day.

For there is hope of a tree, If it be cut down, that it will sprout again,

And that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth,

And the stock thereof die in the ground;

Yet through the scent of water it will bud,

And bring forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth, and wasteth away:

Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea,

And the flood decayeth and drieth up;

So man lieth down, and riseth not:

Till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, Nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave,

That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, That thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!

If a man die, shall he live again?

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, Till my change come.

Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee:

Thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

For now thou numberest my steps:

Dost thou not watch over my sin?

My transgression is sealed up in a bag,

And thou sewest up mine iniquity.

And surely the mountain falling cometh to nought,

And the rock is removed out of his place.

The waters wear the stones:

Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth. And thou destroyest the hope of man.

Thou prevailest for ever against him and he passeth:

Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away,

His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not:

And they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them.

But his flesh upon him shall have pain,

And his soul within him shall mourn.

Selection 16.

Ecclesiastes, vii, xii.

A good name is better than precious ointment;
And the day of death than the day of one's birth.
It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting:
For that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart.
Sorrow is better than laughter:
For by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.
The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning,
But the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.
Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof:
And the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.
Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry:
For anger resteth in the bosom of fools.
Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?
For thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this.
Wisdom is good with an inheritance:
And by it there is profit to them that see the sun.
For wisdom is a defence, and money is a defence:
But the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.
Consider the work of God:
For who can make that straight, which he hath made crooked?
In the day of prosperity be joyful,
But in the day of adversity consider.
God also hath set the one over against the other,
To the end that man should find nothing after him.
Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened,
Nor the clouds return after the rain:
In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,
And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low:
And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
And fears shall be in the way,
And the almond tree shall flourish,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
And desire shall fail:
Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets
Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:
Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man
For God shall bring every work into judgment,
With every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Selection 17

Revelation, xxi: xxii.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth:

For the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven,

Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them,

And they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain,

And showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious,

Even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal;

And had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels,

And names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper:

And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.

And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished

With all manner of precious stones.

And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl:

And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein:

For the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it:

For the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it:

And the Kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it.

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day:

For there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.

Neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. But they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal,

Proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb,

In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life,

Which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month. And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse:

But the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

And they shall see his face:

And his name shall be in their foreheads.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun;

For the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life,

And may enter in through the gates into the city.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches.

I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly.

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

AMEN.

HOLLOND HYMNS.

1 We are Soldiers of the Cross.

We are soldiers of the cross,
Battling for the right;
We are marching on to war,
With shield and buckler bright;
We are children of a King,
Who sits enthron'd on high;
He is strong, and we shall win,
If on Him we rely.

CHORUS.

As we march ring out the song,
Lift the cross on high;
Blow the trumpet loud and long,
And shout the battle cry.

We are soldiers of the cross,
Faithful, valiant, true;
Doing with our strength and might,
Whate'er we find to do;
Never yielding unto sin,
Tho' foes encamp around;
Armed we'll stand in virtue strong
And hold the vantage ground.—CHO.

We are soldiers of the cross,
Let us ever be;
Worthy of the name we bear,
And loyal unto Thee;
Then forever we will give
To Thee, O Lord, all praise;
Marching on; Thy cause shall be
The glory of our days.—CHO.

2 Stand up for Jesus!

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

3 Christian Soldiers.

1 Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as for war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before;
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle
See his banner go.

CHORUS.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God
Brothers, are we treading
Where the saints have trod?
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—CHO.

3 Onward! then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In triumphant song;
Glory, praise and honor,
Unto Christ, the King,
This, thro' countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

4 Uplift the Banner.

1 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide.
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The Cross, on which the Saviour died.

2 Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float,
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

5 Brightly Gleams.

1 Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—CHO.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour,
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—CHO.

4 Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peac
Jesus in His Beauty,
Songs that never cease.—CHO.

6 We March.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of Light,
With joyful strains to meet Him,
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of day may greet Him.

CHORUS.

We march, we march to victory!
With the Cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

2 He marches in front of His banner unfurled,
Which He raised that His own might find Him,
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind Him.—CHO.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.—CHO.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.—CHO.

7 The Son of God goes forth to War.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.

2 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

3 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

8 Walk in the Light.

1 Walk in the light the Lord hath given,
To guide thy steps aright;
His Holy Spirit sent from heav'n,
Can cheer the darkest night.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light, walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Walk in the light, the light of God.

2 Walk in the light of gospel truth,
That shines from God's own word;
A light to guide in early youth
The faithful of the Lord.—CHO.

3 Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—CHO.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship, so sweet below,
In heaven will sweeter be.—CHO.

9 Sing the Praises.

1 Daily, daily sing the praises
Of the City God hath made;
In the beauteous fields of Eden
Its foundation-stones are laid.

CHORUS.

O that I had wings of angels
Here to spread and heavenward fly,
I would seek the gates of Zion,
Far beyond the starry sky!

2 All the walls of that dear City
Are of bright and burnished gold:
It is matchless in its beauty,
And its treasures are untold.—CHO.

3 From the throne a river issues,
Clear as crystal, passing bright,
And it traverses the City
Like a sudden beam of light.—CHO.

4 There the wind is sweetly fragrant,
And is laden with the song
Of the Seraphs, and the Elders,
And the great redeeming throng.—CHO.

5 O I would my ears were open
Here to catch that happy strain!
O I would my eyes some vision
Of that Eden could attain!—CHO.

10 Beulah Land.

1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day
For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS:

O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand;
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heav'n, my home forever more.

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border land.—CHO.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever vernal trees,
And flowers that never fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.—CHO.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody
As Angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption song.—CHO.

11 Jerusalem, the Golden.

1 Jerusalem, the golden!
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

12 Paradise.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

CHORUS:

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.—CHO.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.—CHO.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—CHO.

13 The Day Is Past and Over.

1 The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be:
O Jesus keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

2 The joys of day are over;
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of night may be:
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask, that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light;
Nor guard them thro' the hour's of night!"

5 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all!

14 The Light of Day.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away,
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

15 The Evening Hours.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;

2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven
We kneel at close of day:
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart;

4 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

5 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

6 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

16 Sun of my Soul.

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

3 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light!
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

17 More than Conquerors.

1 What shall separate us
From the love that bought us?
Shall the pangs of anguish
Which the cross hath wrought us?
Doubtings and distresses,
Fiery trials prove us;
Yet am I persuaded
None of these shall move us.

CHORUS:

We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more;
We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more;
We are more than conquerors,
We are more than conquerors,
We are more than conquerors,
Thro' Him that lov'd us.

2 Things to come or present,
Whatsoe'er betide us,
Life nor death shall ever
From our Lord divide us;
Angels, powers, dominions,—
These shall fall before us;
Clothed in His salvation,
With His banner o'er us.—CHO.

3 Depths that are beneath us,
Heights that are above us,
Have no power to sunder,
Since He stooped to love us.
Prince of our Redemption,
Sons to glory bringing,
Thou hast made from sinners
Victors, crowned and singing.—CHO.

18 Heavenly Father Send Thy Blessing.

1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here;
May they all Thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear.
Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee.

Bear thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms, and at Thy breast;
Thro' life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love.

19 Our Glad Jubilee.

1 Wake! wake the song! our glad jubilee!
Once more we hail with sweet melody,
Bringing our hymns of praise unto Thee,
O most holy Lord!
Praise for thy care by day and by night,
Praise for the homes by love made so bright;
Thanks for the pure and soul-cheering light
Beaming from Thy word. D. C. Then,

2 Marching to Zion, dear blessed home!
Lord, by Thy mercy hither we come;
Guide us we pray, where'er we may roam,
Keep us in Thy fear;
Fill every soul with love all divine,
Now cause Thy face upon us to shine;
Grant that our hearts may truly be Thine
All the coming year. D. C. Then,

3 Yet once again the anthem repeat,
Join every voice the Master to greet;
Love's sacrifice we lay at His feet
In His temple now.
Jesus, accept the off'ring we bring,
Blending with songs the odors of spring;
Still of thy wondrous love we will sing,
Till in heaven we bow. D. C. Then.

20 Holy, Holy!

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee.
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

21 Art Thou Weary?

Art thou weary, art Thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound prints,
And His side."

Is there diadem as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What have I at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, prophets, pilgrims
Answer, yes!"

22 Thou art Standing.

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

23 Galilee.

1 Galilee, bright Galilee,
Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee!
Woven through thy history,
Gleams the charming mystery,
Of the life of One who came—
Bearing grief, reproach, and shame—
Saviour of the world to be:
"God with us" by Galilee.

2 Once along that rugged shore,
He, who all our sorrows bore,
Journeyed oft with weary feet,
Through the storm or burning heat:
Healing all who came in faith,
Calling back to life from death:
King of kings from heaven was He,
Though so poor by Galilee!

3 Wild the night on Galilee;
Loudly roared the angry sea,
When upon the tossing wave
Jesus walked, His own to save—
Calmed the tumult by His will,
Only saying, "Peace, be still!"
Ruler of the storm was He,
On the raging Galilee!

4 Still in loving tenderness
Doth the Master wait to bless!
Still His touch upon the soul
Bringeth balm and maketh whole;
Still He comforts mourning hearts,
Life, and joy, and peace imparts;
Still, the sinner's Friend is He,
As of old by Galilee.

24 There is a Green Hill.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his work to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

25 Saviour, who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

26 Song of Sweetness.

1 A song of sweetness fills the air,
And all is gladness everywhere;
This happy day, this joyous day, this Sabbath day.
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake.
All hail this festive day.

2 Now tune the joyous melody,
The bursting leaf on bush and tree;
This happy day, this joyous day, this Sabbath day.
The mountain warmed by sunny heat,
The general chorus doth repeat.
All hail this festive day.

3 How happy is our portion here,
God's promises our spirits cheer;
This happy day, this joyous day, this Sabbath day.
He is sun and shield by day,
He will be with us all our way.
All hail this festive day.

27 Day by Day.

1 Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn the lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of the day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;
All our sanguine hopes have plann'd
To Thy wisdom we resign,
And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shall give;
Day by day to Thee we live;
So shall added years fulfill
Not our own, our Father's will.

28 Thine Forever.

1 Thine forever! God of love!
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine forever! Saviour keep
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied;
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

29 Joyfully Sing.

1 Sing with a tuneful heart,
Sing and adore
Jesus the holy one,
King evermore;
He is the desert Rock,
There we may hide,
Under His mighty shade
Safe we abide.

CHORUS.

Joyfully sing, Joyfully sing,
Joyfully sing, Joyfully sing,
Joyfully sing, Joyfully sing,
Light of eternity,
Honor and praise to Thee.
Now and forever be,
Jesus our king.

2 Sing with a grateful heart,
Hallow His name,
All He has done for us,
Gladly proclaim;
Tell how each promise sweet
Cheers us along,
Praise we the Lord of lords,
Fountain of song.—CHO.

3 Sing with a trusting heart,
Looking away
Up to the brighter land,
Brighter than day;
Sing with a glowing heart
Filled with His love,
Sing till our happy souls
Anchor above.—CHO.

30 Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

31 Safe Home In Port.

1 Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:—
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned,
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:—
But One came by with wounded Side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away?

32 The Church's One Foundation.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heav'n he came and sought her,
To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious,
Shall be the Church at rest.

33 Thou Almighty King.

Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all-victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be;
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

34 With Hearts all Light.

1 When His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to His name:
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

CHORUS.

Come with hearts all light,
Come with faces bright,
Make the heavenly arches ring,
In a song of praise, as our voice we raise
To God and Christ, our king.

2 And since the Lord retaineth,
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth,
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."—CHO.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise;
But shall we only render,
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.—CHO.

35 Mighty Deliv'rer.

1 Hope of the desolate, Lord over all,
Heed while I supplicate, hear when I call;
O Thou most merciful, fain would I be
Near to Thy fount of grace, near unto Thee.

CHORUS.

Mighty Deliv'rer, to Thee I flee;
Mighty Deliv'rer, my refuge be!
From sin's captivity
Haste to deliver me,
Mighty Deliv'rer, my trust is in Thee.

2 Leave me not comfortless, pleading in vain,
With Thine abundant grace my soul sustain;
Strengthen my fainting heart, lead me aright,
Out of sin's night of gloom, into Thy light.—CHO.

3 Faith in Thy promises, trust in Thy love,
(Tender, compassionate), draws me above;
From ev'ry bond of sin let me be free,
From the great tempter's power deliver me.
—CHO.

4 And when my earthly life neareth its close,
Oh, may I peacefully sink to repose;
As Thy beloved sleep, trusting in Thee;
Out of death's solemn hour deliver me.—CHO.

36 Praise, O Praise our God and King.

1 Praise, O praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun;
Day by day His course to run:
For His mercies, etc.

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light:
For His mercies, etc.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies, etc.

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies, etc.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor:
For His mercies, etc.

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies, etc.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

37 Now God be With Us.

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing,—
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

4 As Thy belovéd soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

5 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

6 Father, Thy Name be prais'd, Thy Kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in Heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

38 All Glory, Laud, and Honour.

CHORUS.

All glory, laud and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

1 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, etc.

2 The company of angels,
All praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

3 The people of the Hebrews
With psalms before Thee went;
Our praise and pray'r and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

4 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise,
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

5 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the pray'rs we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

39 God's Mercy.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

2 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed:
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

40 Sing unto God.

1 Sing unto God, our hope and our deliverer,
He is the Lord, the mighty theme prolong;
Pour out your hearts in music's sweetest numbers,
Pour out your hearts in melody and song.
Great is the Lord, and wonderful His mercy,
Strong is His love, abiding evermore;
Sing unto God and let the voice of gladness,
Break from our hearts and spread from shore to shore.
Sing unto God, etc.

2 Sing unto God, for He alone is worthy,
Sing unto God, for He alone is King;
Come, O ye lands, and trusting His salvation,
Sing unto God, in grateful chorus sing.
Sing unto God, ye angels that behold Him,
Sing as ye fly to do His holy will;
Sing unto God, let anthems ever rolling,
Earth and the sky with joy and gladness fill.
Sing unto God, etc.

41 Abide with Me.

1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power:
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 Hold thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

42 Sweet Alleluias.

1 Sweet Alleluias! the birds and the blossoms
Chant forth in harmony, "Praise to the Lord."
Sweet Alleluias from penitent bosoms;
And angels in rapture re-echo the word.

2 Sweet Alleluias! the works of creation
Praise Him Who only may e'er be ador'd;
Sweeter the thrill of a new animation
When sinners, new pardon'd, sing, "Praise to the Lord!"

3 Sweet Alleluias to Jesus their Saviour:—
All the bright Seraphim join in the song;
Nations shall start from their evil behaviour;
And sweet Alleluias to Jesus prolong.

4 Sweet Alleluias! the great congregation
Round the white Throne shall re-echo the word,
Pass with their palms through the gates of salvation,
With sweet Alleluias in praise to the Lord.

43 Blessed Saviour!

Blessed Saviour! Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide;
Thou my hope, and naught beside!
Ever let my glory be,
Blessed Saviour, only Thee!

Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows, let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

Blessed Saviour! Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Blessed Saviour, only Thee!

44 As with Gladness.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Ever-more be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

45 Hear, O Jesus!

Hear, O Jesus! Israel's Shepherd, hear us;
Thou that leddest Joseph like a sheep
On the hill-top bleak, be ever near us
In the darksome valley while we sleep.

Thy sweet voice amidst the storm to cheer us,
Thy blest footmarks for the narrow way,
Thy dear hand to hold us up, to steer us,
For Thy help and guidance, Lord, we pray.

Thy dear voice, O Shepherd, true and tender,
All its wondrous tones Thy sheep would know
To Thy call their prompt obedience render,
Follow Thee wherever Thou wilt go.

46 Christian! dost thou see them?

Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground?
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the Holy Cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble,
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly;
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

47 Framer of the Light.

Framer of the light,
Who from out the night
The dawn of joyous day again dost bring
On our darken'd eyes,
Bid thy bright beams rise;
Of endless glory teach us, Lord, to sing.

By Thy mercy still
Spar'd our place to fill,
O Father! be it ours
Thy name to bless:
Shelter'd by Thy pow'r,
In each fleeting hour,
Thy children guide to paths of holiness.

Rais'd from death-like sleep,
Ever may we keep
Alive within us thoughts of that great day!
Grant the ready mind,
Give us grace to find,
The strait gate unto life—the narrow way.

Onward to the goal
Lead each striving soul,
Upheld by strength divine Thy grace supplies
While it still is day
May we win our way
Towards the mark and our high calling's prize.

48 Christ the Lord is Risen Again.

Christ the Lord is ris'n again,
Christ hath broken ev'ry chain;
Hark! Angelic voices cry,
Singing ever more on high,
Alleluia!

He who gave for us His life,
Who for us endur'd the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
We too sing for joy, and say,
Alleluia!

He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,
Alleluia!

He who slumber'd in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of Kings,
Alleluia!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransom'd people feed;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia!

49 He is Risen, He is Risen!

He is risen, He is risen!
Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst his three days' prison
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

He is risen, He is risen!
He hath open'd heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

Triune God let all adore Thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heav'n;
Ev'ry creature bow before Thee,
Who hast all their being giv'n;
Who by grace dost us restore:
Praise to Thee for evermore!

50 Crown Him with many Crowns!

Crown Him with many crowns!
The Lamb upon His Throne;
Hark! how the heav'nly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of Love!
Behold His Hands and Side;
Rich Wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight;
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of Peace!
Whose pow'r a sceptre sways
From pole to pole that war may cease
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the Lord of Years!
The Potentate of Time!
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime;
Glass'd in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Form—the Infinite—
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n!
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through Him giv'n
From yonder glorious Throne!
To Thee be endless praise,
For Thou for us hast died:
Be Thou, O Lord, through endless days
Ador'd and magnified.

51 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
"Jesus, out of ev'ry nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His blood."

Alleluia! Not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Tho' the cloud from sight receiv'd him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore."

Alleluia! Bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay;
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day
Earth's Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Still our Intercessor be,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia! Sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne,
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark! the songs of holy Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood:
"Jesus! out of ev'ry nation,
Hath redeem'd us by His blood!"

52 Jesus Hath Sought Us.

Jesus hath sought us; Jesus hath bought us,
Joyful hosannas to him let us raise!
Cheerfully singing, merrily ringing,
Anthems, loud anthems of jubilant praise.

CHORUS.

Joyfully we'll praise him!
Cheerfully we'll raise him
Glad songs—and loud hosannas,
Shall ascend to Jesus above;
Joyfully praise him! cheerfully raise him,
Songs of thanksgiving for infinite love!

Kind friends have taught us; Jesus hath brought us
Under this roof where we gather to-day;
Gracious Jehovah, guide and watch over;
Look on thy children in mercy, we pray.

Keep us and guide us, kindly provide us
Comfort and strength for each step of the way;
Mercy and blessing, goodness expressing,
Hold us in peace for eternity's day.

When thou hast led us, taught us and fed us,
Strengthened our hearts, as we've journeyed along,
Then, gracious Father, thy children gather,
Joining in chorus of heaven's new song.

53 List, the Music Pealing.

List, the music pealing; hear our song of might;
We are marching onward to the land of light.
Come and join the banner under which we go,
Christ the Lord is Captain, and we fear no foe.
Duty is our watchword, faith our only shield,
And to Satan's legions never will we yield,
List the music pealing; hear our song of might;
We are marching onward to the land of light.

Gracious is our Saviour, to his children true,
And whate'er the danger He will lead us through.
Love ye one another, is our Lord's command,
"Charity," the motto of our pilgrim band.
Duty is our watchword!

When our march is ended, and the night draws near,
Brightly through the darkness will His face appear.
Join us, all ye people, hear our loving call,
In our faithful army there is room for all.
Duty is our watchword!

54 God of Eternity.

God of eternity, author of time,
Giver and source of light, ruler sublime,
Thou uncreated Lord, ancient of days,
Glorious in holiness, fearful in praise,
High over all, Thy works blest evermore
God of the universe, Thee we adore!

Wondrous in majesty, wisdom and might,
Lo twas Thy voice that said, "Let there be light.
Vast realms and numberless, Lord are Thy own,
Nations and scepter'd kings bow at Thy throne,
High over all Thy works blest evermore,
God of the universe, Thee we adore!

Thine is a perfect law; Thy word is pure;
Righteous are all Thy ways; Thy judgments sure,
Mercy and truth abide ever with thee;
Love like a river, flows deep as the sea;
High over all Thy works blest evermore,
God of universe, Thee we adore!

55 "Just as I Am."

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind
Sight, riches healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come.

56 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime

57 All hail the power of Jesus' name!

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him—Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall!
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.,

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown him—Lord of all.

58 Jesus, thy Name I Love

Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! thou art all to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh! how great is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord!

Soon thou wilt come again!
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

59 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

60 Forward! be Our Watchword.

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward thro' the desert,
Thro' the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Sion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace:
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eye be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness,
Forward, into Light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak our earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into Light.—Amen.

61 There is a Happy Land.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh! how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's Hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a Crown and Kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.—Amen.

62 Once In Royal David's City.

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And, thro' all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For he is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's Right Hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.—Amen.

63 Now be the Gospel Banner.

Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world,
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His power throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.

Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song reponsive raise.

64 We are but Little Children Weak.

We are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
O Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

65 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

66 My Faith Looks up to Thee

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

67 To-Day the Saviour Calls.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls!
Why longer roam?

To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

68 From every Stormy Wind that Blows.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat!
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

69 How Firm a Foundation.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus, for refuge have fled?

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never, forsake!

70 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Africa's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sounds proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds! his story,
And you, ye waters! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

71 Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above!

72 Breast the Wave, Christian.

Breast the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee;
He who hath promisèd
Faltereth never;
He who hath loved so well,
Loveth for ever.

Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth;
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever;
And, when thy work is done,
Praise him for ever.

73 From the Eastern Mountains.

From the eastern mountains,
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirr'd by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever trav'ling onward,
Guided by a star.

There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous light that led them
Onward on their way;
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding star.

Thou who in a manger
Once has lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

Gather in the outcasts,
All who go astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who wander far,
Guide them by the brightness,
Of Thy guiding star.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together
By Thy kindly star.

Until ev'ry nation,
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follow Thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that heav'nly home
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.

74 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

"Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

75 With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh.

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed.
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me!

Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone:
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God, be merciful to me!

76 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, "Holy, Holy, Holy!"
To the Great Three in One.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heav'n,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was giv'n.

To-day on weary nations
The heav'nly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

77 Lead, Kindly Light.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

78 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

79 In the Hour of Trial.

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.

Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

HOLLOND HYMNS.

80 In the Light of God.

In the light of God, In the light of God,
Oh! ye sightless eyes rejoice,
They shall see the King in his beauty there,
Who on earth have heard his voice.

REFRAIN.
In the light of God, in the light of God,
Mists of earth shall melt away,
We shall see him face to face and eye to eye,
In that glad eternal day.—Amen.

Oh! ye weary feet, that go faltering on
In the path which Jesus trod,
Ye shall walk with him through the golden streets,
Till ye stand by throne of God.—REF.

Oh! ye burdened hands, have ye spent your strength
In the vineyard of your Lord?
Lo! a harp of gold and the victor's palm
Shall your faithful toil reward.—REF.

Sweetest hopes of life that have drooped and died
On earth's chill and barren sod,
In a fairer clime shall revive again,
And unfold in the light of God. *Amen.*—REF.

81 Hark! Hark, My Soul!

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"
And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

82 For all the Saints.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the light of light.
Alleluia!

O, may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia!

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.
Alleluia!

But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Alleluia

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

83 Come ye Thankful People.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied.
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sow
Unto joy or sorrow grown.
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

84 We Plough the Fields.

We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's Almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

He only is the maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the ev'ning star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

85 Now the Day is Over.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the ev'ning
Steal across the sky.

Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tend'rest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above us,
Watching round each bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may we arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

86 Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us ever more be found.

87 It Is Not Death to Die.

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

88 How Gentle God's Commands!

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care."

Beneath his powerful sway
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Will guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

89 Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down.
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

90 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from Thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

91 Saviour! again to Thy Dear Name

Saviour! again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord! through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord! to thine eternal peace.

92 Saviour Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Saviour! like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray,
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
We will early turn to thee.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour!
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

93 Angelus.

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord! around thee lay
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 't is eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel,
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.

O Saviour Christ! thou too art Man:
Thou hast been troubled, tempted tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

94 I Was a Wandering Sheep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child:
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is:
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

95 Rock of Ages Cleft for Me!

Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

96 The World Is Very Evil.

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening
That knows no moon nor sun
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest;
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect:
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

97 For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of Joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
With Jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright Day;
Dear Fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

98 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on High.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry—"Behold he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

O Thou, by whom we come to God—
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

99 Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

100 Lead Me to Jesus.

Lead me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus,
Help me to love Him, help me to pray;
He is my Saviour, I would believe him:
I would be like him—show me the way.

CHORUS.

Quickly haste, and come where happy children meet,
Hither come and rest thy little weary feet,
Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy play,
Come to our Sunday-school, away.

Lead me to Jesus, he will protect me,
He is so loving, gentle and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome;
Surely he calls me—I am a child.

Tell me of Jesus, tell of his mercy;
Is there a fountain flowing so free
All who are willing drink of its waters?
Say, is that fountain flowing for me?

Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Saviour.
Pity my weakness, make me thy child;
I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee,
I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.

101 He Leadeth Me.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful foll'wer I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!—*Ref.*

Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine.
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

102 God Bless our Native Land!

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

103 Holy Father, Hear My Cry.

Holy, Father, hear my cry;
Holy Saviour, bend thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come thou nigh;
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son, and Spirit bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

104 We Would See Jesus.

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness—the final strife.

We would see Jesus—the great Rock Foundation,
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessing of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

We would see Jesus—that is all we're needing,
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night!

105 Come, with all thy Sorrow.

Come, with all thy sorrow,
Weary, wandering soul;
Come to him who loves thee,
He will make thee whole.

CHORUS.

‖: There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet rest:‖

Come in faith believing,
To his will resigned;
Ask, and he will give thee:
Seek and thou shalt find.

See the door of mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open:
Lo! the key is prayer.

106 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

More love to thee, O Christ!
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise:
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,—
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

107 Oh, Sometimes the Shadows are Deep.

Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal;
And sorrows sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

REF.—‖: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly
To the Rock that is higher than I.:‖

Oh, sometimes how long seems the day
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet.

REF.—‖: Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.:‖

Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings, or sorrows prevail:
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

REF.—‖: Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.:‖

108 At the Lamb's High Feast we Sing.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who has washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced Side.
Praise we Him, whose love divine
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword:
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit ever be.

109 Dear Jesus, ever at my Side.

Dear Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving Thou must be,
To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.

I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

110 The Day of Resurrection.

The day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

111 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, who on the Cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which with all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face;
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

112 The Brave Sweet Tones of Christmas Chimes.

The brave sweet tones of Christmas chimes
Are filling all the air;
Bid discord cease, for wondrous peace
Is brooding everywhere.

"Good-will to men," the blessed strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of joyous Christmas-tide.

Let loving words and loving deeds
Crowd out each sad regret;
For one short day good Christians may
Their cares and toils forget.

113 The First Nowell.

The First Nowell the Angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHORUS.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.—CHO.

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.—CHO.

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.—CHO.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Fell reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.—CHO.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.—CHO.

114 Now the Light has Gone Away.

Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy Home above.

Now my evening praise I give,
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from Thee,
O how good Thou art to me.

Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end;
Let me love Thee, more and more,
Always better than before.

115 Holy Night! Peaceful Night!

Holy night! peaceful night!
All is dark save the light
Yonder where they sweet vigil keep
O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
Rests in heavenly peace,
Rests in heavenly peace.

Holy night! peaceful night!
Only for shepherds' sight,
Came blest visions of Angel throngs,
With their loud Alleluia songs,
Saying, Jesus is come!
Saying, Jesus is come!

Holy night! peaceful night!
Child of Heav'n! O, how bright
Thou didst smile on us when Thou was born
Blest indeed was that happy morn,
Full of heavenly joy,
Full of heavenly joy.

116 Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark, the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

117 It Came upon the Midnight Clear.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

118 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim Thy holy birth
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in the world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

119 Thou art the Way,

Thou art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that way to know,
That Truth to keep that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HOLLOND HYMNS.

120 Spring.

All is bright and cheerful round us,
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too,
Every flower is full of gladness,
Dew is bright and birds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

If the flowers, that fade so quickly,
If a day, that ends in night,
If the sky, that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's Land of Rest,
Where His sons, that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

There are leaves that never wither,
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither,
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
They have rest, and peace, and light.

121 Summer.

Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark, without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

122 Autumn.

The year is swiftly waning,
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding:
The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

Oh! pour Thy grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o er us,
To dwell in Heaven with Thee.

Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned.
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face.

123 Winter.

Winter reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

Life is waning; life is brief:
Death, like winter, standeth nigh;
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom.
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb

So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring.

124 Jesus Lover of My Soul.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy Wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious Hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and Holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

125 Jesus, Master, Whom I Serve.

Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve,
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt, I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call;
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service, glad and free.

126 Come Ye Faithful.

Come ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising.

127 Jesus Shall Reign.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

128 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sougnt, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are all my own.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within Thee,
What a Father's smile is thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine.

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee.
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

129 Brightest and Best.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon a orning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

130 A Child This Day Is Born.

A Child this day is born,
A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.
Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tiding sing we may,
Because the King of kings
Was born on Christmas-day.

These tidings shepherds heard,
While watching o'er their fold;
'Twas by an Angel unto them
That night revealed and told.
Glad tidings, etc.

They praised the Lord our God
And our celestial King:
All glory be in Paradise,
This heavenly host do sing.
Glad tidings, etc

131 Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee;
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and Holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, Godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever.
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

132 In Excelsis Gloria!

When Christ was born of pure Marie,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
The Angels sang with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria!
In Excelsis! In Excelsis! In Excelsis Gloria!
In Excelsis! In Excelsis! In Excelsis Gloria!

The heardsmen saw those Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night."
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

This King is come to save mankind,
In Scripture promised as we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great grace
In Heaven, the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace
In Excelsis Gloria! etc.

133 The Corn is Ripe for Reaping.

The corn is ripe for reaping,
Fields glow with ruddy grain,
And we must now be keeping
Our harvest feast again;
With voice of joy and singing,
Our praise to God shall rise
Who, whilst the seed was springing,
Rain'd blessings from the skies.

Thine, Father, is the river
That maketh rich the earth;
Through Thee, O gracious Giver,
The buried seed had birth:
Thou on the furrows raining,
Didst make them soft with show'rs;
The thirsty crops maintaining
Through silent summer hours.

The year, by Thee anointed,
Is now with goodness crowned,
Robed in the robes appointed,
With gladness girded round.
We thank Thee for the blessing
Which meets us on our way,
And come, Thy love confessing,
With happy hearts to-day.

But whilst our *lips* are praising,
Our *lives* to Thee belong;
With them we would be raising
A nobler, sweeter song:
One that may sound for ever,
Whilst earth's great Harvest speeds
A song of high endeavour
Rung out in earnest deeds.

134 Jesus Is Our Loving Saviour.

Jesus is our loving Saviour!
He our best, our constant friend;
In His service life is pleasure,
For He loveth to the end.
Loving Saviour!
Loving Saviour!
Here we at Thy footstool bend.

Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them He shed His blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
‖: Dying Saviour; :‖
Bearing thus our sinful load.

Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," He says, "to come;"
If they seek His face and favour
They shall share His Heav'nly Home.
‖: Risen Saviour! :‖
Never more from Thee to roam.

Loving, Suff'ring, Dying Saviour!
Risen, glorious on Thy Throne,
Haste the day when ev'ry idol
Shall by truth be overthrown;
‖: And the kingdoms: ‖
Of the earth shall be Thine own

135 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd Saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd,
Their fight with Death and Sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day! for which Creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy! for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid.

O then what raptur'd greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting sever'd friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain!
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy pow'r, and reign!
Appear, Desire of Nations,
Thine exiles long for home!
Show in the heav'n Thy promis'd sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

136 We are but Strangers Here.

We are but strangers here,
Heav'n is our home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is our home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round us on ev'ry hand.
Heaven is our Fatherland,
Heaven is our Home.

What though the tempests rage?
Heav'n is our home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heav'n is our home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be over-past,
We shall reach Home at last;
Heav'n is our Home.

There at our Saviour's side,
Heav'n is our home;
May we be glorified;
Heav'n is our home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heav'n is our Home.

Grant us to murmur not,
Heav'n is our home;
Whate'er our earthly lot
Heav'n is our home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own right hand
Jesus, in Fatherland:
Heav'n is our Home!

137 There is a Calm.

There is a Calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber, in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

The Soul of origin Divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A Star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

138 O God of Bethel.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy Throne of grace;
God of our Fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering Wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

Such blessings from thy gracious Hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And Portion evermore.

139 Weary of Earth.

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a Voice that bids me "Come."

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that Holy Land?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would treat the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the Voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas he Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy Righteousness.

Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord,
Thine all the Merits, mine the great Reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and Thine the Life laid down.

Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,
Forg ven greatly, how I greatly love

140 Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

"Come unto Me, ye weary.
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesu,
Which come to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

"Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

141 Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Gates of Brass.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye bars of iron, yield!
And let the King of Glory pass,
The cross is in the field!

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guide from far
His servants to the fight.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now,
In Jesus' name be strong!
To Him shall every creature bow,
And sing the triumph-song:

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The cross hath won the field!

142 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to Thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on Thy throne
In His felicity?

143 Beneath The Cross of Jesus.

Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand;
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From th' burning of the noon-tide heat,
And th' burden of the day.

Upon that cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O cross, thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory all the cross.

144 Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high.
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry,

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus.
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

145 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with the
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

146 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever.

147 Still Will We Trust, Though Earth Seem Dark and Dreary.

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod.
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God!

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosings bring us grief and pain;
Through him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God!—Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky, the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through his golden gates;
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on in patient self-denial;
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from loss,
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial:
Our crown, beyond the cross.

148 When I Survey The Wondrous Cross.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree:
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

149 Master, No Offering.

Master, no offering
Costly and sweet,
May we, like Magdalene,
Lay at Thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise,
Sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some soul by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears,
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

150 Love Divine all Things Excelling.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be.
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place:
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

151 Rejoice, Rejoice, Believers.

Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry!

See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Go, meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so long'd for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee.

152 Thou Art My Hiding Place, O Lord.

Thou art my hiding place, O Lord!
In Thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust,
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 'tis enough the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to Thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast,
That Jesus died for me?

And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me.

153 Hosanna We Sing

Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord liv'd here;
He bless'd little children and smil'd on them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
Alleluia we sing like the children bright,
With their harps of gold, and their raiment white,
As they follow their shepherd with loving eyes
Thro' the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear:
We know that his heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in his earthly fold.
Alleluia we sing in the Church we love:
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To thy little ones, Lord may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heav'n.

154 Who are these in Bright Array

Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Chanting their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion ev'ry hour."

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal'd with His Eternal Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away all tears.

155 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

Angel voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light—
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee, Lord of might!

Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

156 What a Shout was Heard!

What a shout was heard in the realms of light,
When peace and truth, descending,
With a marshal'd host in their robes of white,
Sang praise to God on high!
O shout again, ye sons of men,
Sing praise to God above,
Till the utmost bounds of the world shall wake
One mighty song of love.

CHORUS.

Ring on, ye bells, ye chiming bells,
Your tuneful measure swelling;
Ring on, ye bells, ye chiming bells,
The grand old story telling.
What a shout was heard in the realms of light,
When peace and truth, descending,
With a marshal'd host in their robes of white,
Sang praise to God on high.

There was joy, great joy— twas a glorious sight,
The shepherds gaz d in wonder,
When the earth was fill'd with a splendour bright,
From God's eternal home.
Great joy to-day, O let it ring
As on that sacred morn,
When the angel band in a far-off land
Proclaim'd the Saviour born.—CHO.

157 All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord.

All praise to Thee, Eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh an l blood;
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now:
Angels who did in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

A little Child, Thou art our Guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

158 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

Thou didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me.
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

The foxes found rest,
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her chours shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee."
And my heart shall rej ice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comes and callest for me.

159 Christians Awake! Salute the Happy Morn.

Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of Love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, of the Virgin's Son.

O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
Trace we the Babe, who hath retriev'd our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic hosts among,
To join, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Sav'd by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heav'ns Almighty King.

160 Upward Where the Stars are Burning.

Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning
Round the never changing pole:
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladnsss,
Far beyond these clouds or sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted.
Lord of Lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God. they own, they own Him;
With His Name the palace rings.

Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly r ches. earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

161 And Is the Time Approaching.

And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown?
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope. and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

162 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high"?

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name:
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

163 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and his love:
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHORUS.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin:
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear:
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

164 God the Father Almighty.

A mighty Fortress is our God,
A Bulwark never failing;
Our Helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

165 The Resurrection.

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

The three sad days have quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia!

166 Jesus Christ our Lord.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains;
Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-Spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King"

This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled;
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God; on earth be peace:"
Salvation comes to-day.

167 Missions.

Light of the world we hail Thee,
Flushing the eastern skies;
Never shall darkness veil Thee
Again from human eyes;
Too long, alas! with holden,
Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and golden,
Shall set on earth no more.

Light of the world, Thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in Thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to Thee again.

Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of Thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's Divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and Thee.

168 The Holy City.

Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair;
I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the Temple there;
I heard the children singing,
And ever as they sang,
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heav'n in answer rang,
Methought the voice of Angels
From Heav'n in answer rang,
"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Lift up your gates and sing
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to your King!

And then methought my dream was chang'd,
The streets no longer rang,
Hush'd were the glad Hosannas
The little children sang,
The sun grew dark with mystery,
The morn was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill,
As the shadow of a cross arose
Upon a lonely hill.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Hark! how the Angels sing
Hosanna in the Highest!
Hosanna to your King!

And once again the scene was chang'd,
New earth there seem'd to be!
I saw the Holy City
Beside the tideless sea;
The light of God was on its street,
The gates were open wide;
And all who would might enter,
And no one was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night,
Nor sun to shine by day;
It was the new Jerusalem,
That would not pass away!
It was the new Jerusalem,
That would not pass away.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Sing for the night is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!

169 Father of All.

Father of all, to Thee
We breathe our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in Thy praise;
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

Father of all, to Thee
We breathe unutter'd fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
What have no voice but tears;
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.

Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallow'd joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to Thee.

170 Songs of Praise.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.
Amen.

171 Christ our Hope.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

172 Jesus Christ our Lord.

Lift up, lift up your voices now;
The whole wide world rejoices now:
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

In vain with stone the cave they barred;
In vain the watch kept ward and guard:
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe,
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light:
We safely pass where Thou has trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

173 The Life Everlasting.

Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones upbuilded
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round her shed,
Meet for Him whose love espoused her,
To her Lord shall she be led;
All her streets and all her bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters,
It is open evermore;
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That His palace should be decked.

Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One;
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

174 The Church.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,
Send us, O Saviour.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

175 There Dwelt in Old Judea.

R. JACKSON.

There dwelt in old Judea
A maiden fair to see;
The mother mild and undefiled
Of a blessed Babe was she.

Sing Noel, sing Noel,
And merry be alway;
For Christ was born in the early morn,
All on a Christmas day.

And as the Infant Jesus
Lay on His lowly bed,
A circle bright of heavenly light
Shone round about His head.

Sing Noel, etc.

The shepherds bowed before Him,
While angels swift did fly
On blest employ, with songs of joy,
To fill the starry sky.

Sing Noel, etc.

For this was Prince Emmanuel,
Who laid aside His crown;
And all to win our souls from sin
Unto the earth came down.

Sing Noel, etc.

Now God, my dear Redeemer,
I give my heart to Thee;
For, by my word, this loving Lord
Shall be the Lord of me.

Sing Noel, etc.

176

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife.
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye.
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

177 In the Little Village of Bethlehem.

In the little village of Bethlehem,
There lay a Child one day,
And the sky was bright with a holy light,
O'er the place where Jesus lay.

CHORUS.

Alleluia! Alleluia! O how the angels sang!
Alleluia! Alleluia! O how it rang!
And the sky was bright with a holy light,
'Twas the birthday of the King.

It was a humble birthplace—
How much God gave that day!
From the manger bed what a path has led,
What a perfect, holy way!—CHO.

In every willing soul this day
The Christ-child may be born;
In loving deeds, from faithful hearts,
Is heard the Christmas song.—CHO.

178 "The Children's Day."

Glory to God on high!
All praise and glory ever;
Harpers are harping at His feet;
Children the wondrous strains repeat.

REFRAIN

Then sing alleluias high!
Ye children of the kingdom;
Sound forth His glory,
Tell forth the story,
Fly! ye echoes, fly!

Sing we to Salem's King:
Judæa's children hailed Him;
Pleased with their song, He gently smiled;
Still falls His grace on ev'ry child.

Sing alleluias high!—
The song of heav'n beginning:
Crowned in the courts of Christ the King,
Endless the blessed strain they sing.

179 Child Jesus.

Child Jesus came from heavenly height,
To make us pure and holy,
On bed of straw on Christmas night,
He lay in manger lowly;
The star smiled down from heaven to greet,
The oxen kissed the baby feet.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Child Jesus!

All sorrow and all care lay down,
And praise the Lord of heaven;
"A Child is born in David's town,
To us a Son is given."
Like children let us kneel before
The Holy Christ-child and adore.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Child Jesus!

Child Jesus came from heavenly height,
To make us pure and holy,
Wide open throw your heart's door now,
Ye mighty and ye lowly;
The stars from heaven smile down to see
How bright our earthly lives may be.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Child Jesus!

180 Hark to the Children's Voices!

Hark to the children's voices!
Hark to their cry so clear!
"Jesus, the Christ is coming,
Jesus is drawing near:
Near to the city portals,
Near to the church's door,
Near to the homes of the rich of earth
And the lowly, whose lot he bore."

CHORUS

Lift up your heads, ye portals,
Swing open, wide and high!
Jesus, the King, is coming,
Jesus is drawing nigh!
Singing, because He bids us,
Loudly the challenge rings—
Swing open wide ev'ry heart-door now,
At the call of the King of kings!

Hark to the children's voices!
Hark to their cry so clear!
"Jesus, the Christ, is coming,
Jesus is drawing near—
Faith, with her heavenly vision,
Hope, with her sunny cheer,
Love in whose light Faith knows no night
And Hope hath no blame or fear."

Hark to the children's voices!
Hark to their glad refrain!
Out from the temple holy
Calling to men again:
"Open your hearts, oh sinners,
Welcome the Saviour King,
Live in the light that can know no night,
In the joy of the ransomed sing."

181 Zion's King Has Come to Reign.

Earth and sky with joy are singing,
Nature's heart exultant thrills,
Notes of praise are sweetly ringing
O'er the old Judean hills.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Tune your voices, swell the strain!
Jubilate, Jubilate!
Zion's King has come to reign!

Mountains swell the mighty chorus,
Oceans send abroad the sound,
Isle to isle in song victorious
Echoes with the news profound.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, etc.

Sons of men, repeat the story,
O'er and o'er the theme begin,
Christ is born, the Lord of Glory,
Born to save the world from sin.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, etc.

182 Ancient of Days.

Ancient of days, Who sittest, thron'd in glory;
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has bless'd the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy Children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails.
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

183 Saved by Grace.

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing;
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King!

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story sav'd by grace,
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story sav'd by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in heav'n for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted West,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to Him may take its flight.

184 At Close of Service.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy Word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

185 "Glory to God on High."

The Children's Day begins to shine,
Its morning stars glow faintly;
Its dawn climbs up the sky to noon,
Where earth is growing saintly, is saintly
For Children's Day,
The Children's Day,
The happy Children's Day!

O love divine, we pledge our faith
To Thee, who loves and feeds us
In heavenly pastures, green and fair,
Whereto the Christ-Child leads us, doth lead us
On Children's Day,
The Children's Day,
The happy Children's Day!

The Children's Day is heaven's Great Day,
In realms of untold glory,
Where angel throngs, in raptured song,
Repeat the "old, old story," the story
Of Children's Day,
The Children's Day,
The happy Children's Day!

186 The Saints of God.

The saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints! forever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appall.
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! forever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

The saints of God their vigil keep,
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they, too, shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!

O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

187 Celestial Praises.

I heard a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him that sat thereon:
"Salvation, glory, honor!"
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there
And laid them at her feet.

And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin nor death,
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home. Amen.

188 Aspiration.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heav'n, thy destined place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given. Amen.

189 Divine Guidance.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living away.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night,
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.
Amen.

190 The City of God.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day.
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.
Amen.

191 Jesu, my Lord.

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
O far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou are mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!
Amen.

192 The Courts of God.

Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of Grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length.
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord on me!
Amen.

193 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.

Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him
With His Holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
With Thine angel hosts we cry
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

194 The Heavenly Race.

Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

195 Nature's Praise.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."
Amen.

196 The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.

The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heav'n!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness
That setteth never more.

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
A for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King!
Nor weary day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down.
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

197 Christ the Lord.

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him born, the King of Angels;
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

God of God, Light of Light;
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God, begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God in the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing.
O come, let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

198 Praise to God.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.
Amen.

199 Lord God, we Worship Thee.

Lord God, we worship Thee!
In loud and happy chorus
We praise Thy love and power,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
Forever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er,
Lord God, we worship Thee.

Lord God, we worship Thee!
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee!

Lord God, we worship Thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still Thy anger spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee!

200 Service.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to Him who made this splendor,
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor.
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

201 Prayer for Peace.

God the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy Word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-Righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy Word,
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

202 For Those at Sea.

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did'st sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! Who did'st brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whersoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

203 Christ above all Glory Seated.

Christ, above all glory seated
King eternal, strong to save!
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned forevermore as Thine.

Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,
Jesu, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one spirit evermore!

204 Daily Mercies.

Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.

Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

205 One with God the Father.

O one with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou.

Yet, Lord, we see but darkly;
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

206 Jesus Lives.

Jesus lives! thy terrors now
Can no longer, death, appall us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

207 Christ the Sure Foundation.

Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the Head and Cornerstone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one:
Holy Sion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen

208 Christ Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near:
Day-star, in my heart appear. Amen.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grie
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

209 Go Forward, Christian Soldier.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true,
The Lord Himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes, subdue.
His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need
He can with bread of Heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian Soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest.
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers are all past:
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last! Amen.

210 Ride on in Majesty.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.
Amen.

211 Evening.

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He forever mine. Amen.

212 Come, O Come, Emmanuel.

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high.
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

OUT FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE STARRY SKY.

R. Lowry.

Out from the depths of the starry sky—
Glory to God in the highest!
Over the plains where the night winds sigh,
There comes forth a flood of song;
Sweet is the word that the angels bring—
Glory to God in the highest!
Sweet is the music the angels sing,
Let earth the notes prolong.

Refrain :—

Glory, sing Glory, sing Glory in the highest!
Glory, sing Glory, sing Glory to God on high!

Shepherds of Judah in wonder gaze—
Glory to God in the highest!
Never the world heard a song of praise
Like that when the Lord was born;
"Peace on the earth, unto men good-will,
Glory to God in the highest!"
This was the song, and they sing it still,
Song of the Advent morn.

Take up the song that the angels sang—
Glory to God in the highest!
Send it abroad as its echo rang
That night over hill and plain;
Sing till the song o'er the earth shall roll—
Glory to God in the highest!
Sing loud and long till the farthest soul
Catches the glad refrain.